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AN  
INTRODUCTION  
OF THE  
Ancient GREEK and LATIN  
MEASURES  
INTO  
*BRITISH POETRY.*

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(Price One Shilling.)

1179

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

AN
INTRODUCTION

OF THE
Ancient Greek and Latin

MEASURES

INTO
BRITISH POETRY

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A N
I N T R O D U C T I O N
O F T H E
A n c i e n t G R E E K a n d L A T I N
M E A S U R E S
I N T O
B R I T I S H P O E T R Y.

Attempted in the following *PIECES*, viz.

A T R A N S L A T I O N of *Virgil's* F I R S T E C L O G U E.

A T R A N S L A T I O N of *Virgil's* F O U R T H E C L O G U E.

J A C O B and *R A C H E L*: A P A S T O R A L.

W I T H
A P R E F A C E in Vindication of the Attempt.

— *Sic matribus Hædos.* V I R G I L.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-*
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A-N

INTRODUCTION

OF THE

Ancient Greek and Latin

MEASURES

INTO

BRITISH POUNDS

1846

Arranged in the following Order:

A Translation of the First Measure

46

A Translation of the Second Measure

8

JACOB and RICHARD A. PASTORAL

206

A PREFACE in the Introduction of the Arrangement

—St. Martin's Church, Virginia

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PREFACE.



AS *British* Poetry has been supposed incapable of ever making any tolerable Figure in the *Greek* and *Latin* Measures, I shall beg Leave briefly to consider and examine into the Validity of the Reasons, why this Opinion has so long and so universally obtained.

IN Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign, the celebrated Sir *Philip Sidney* made an Attempt to write Hexameters, Pentameters,

A

Sapphick

Sapphick Odes, &c. in *English*; as may be seen in his *Arcadia*.

BUT his ill Success (I presume) has been one of the main Reasons, that has deterred following Authors from renewing an Attempt, which so great a Genius by his own Example had left them so little Hopes of ever succeeding in.

BUT tho' Sir *Philip*'s Verses of this sort are in general very indifferent, yet we may select here and there one, that sounds not disagreeably; the following ones for Instance, *viz.*

Of Phœbus Violence in Shade of sweet
Cyparissus, &c.

O glittering Miseries of Man! if this be
the Fortune, &c.

With

With mōneful Mēlōdies, fōr ēnough ōur
Griēfs bē rēvēalēd, &c.

THERE are several Verses in *Virgil* that to my Ear do not sound better than these do ; and if all the rest had equalled these in Smoothness, and succeeding Poets had seconded his first Attempts, and continued daily improving upon his Invention from that time to this, I question if we should ever have heard of our Language's Incapacity of pleasing the Ear in the *Greek* and *Latin* Numbers.

ADD to this, that the Language has been infinitely improved since Sir *Philip*'s Time, and consequently the Argument drawn from its then Insufficiency to delight in this Kind of Verse carries not an equal Weight with respect to the Language as it stands at present.

It may probably be supposed, that the first *Greek* Numbers, that were introduced into the *Latin* Tongue, were in general little better than those first brought into the *English*; but were the *Roman* Poets therefore discouraged into a Resolution to drop the Undertaking for ever? Did they explode it as an absurd and ridiculous Attempt? No; notwithstanding the Difficulty attending it, they resolutely pursued the Design; and continued cultivating and improving these Numbers from Age to Age, till at last they brought them to the Perfection they boast in the Writings of *Virgil* and *Horace*. The *Roman* Poetry was not finished in a Day, any more than *Rome* itself. *Ennius*'s Verse (I believe) is much less musical than that of *Lucretius*; as that of *Lucretius* is than *Virgil*'s. The same may be said of our *Chaucer*, *Spencer*,

cer, and *Dryden* ; for I believe there was as little Ground for us to hope in *Chaucer's* Days, that our Versification could ever be brought to the Degree of Sweetness it afterwards attained to in *Dryden's* time. Please to compare Sir *Philip's* Hexameters, &c. with *Chaucer's* Metre, and see which you can make the most Musick of. Why then may not the former Kind of Verse hope in Process of time to arrive at as great a pitch of Perfection as the latter has done, and probably come as near to the *Latin* as the *Latin* has done to the *Greek* ?

BUT it will be said, no Author of Reputation has attempted it since Sir *Philip* ; because none has ever had any Hopes of bringing it to bear. Therefore it would be the Height of Folly and Presumption for any modern Pen to venture upon an Undertaking, which all
the

the great Genius's of the Nation, for above these hundred Years, have, from an absolute Despair of Success, prudently declin'd.

BUT where is the Crime of endeavouring to be more harmonious than our Forefathers endeavoured to be? To polish a Jewel they neglected? Even tho' we should not succeed. We are at worst but where we were before. It is possible we may miss the Mark, tho' we do aim at it; but it is impossible we should hit it, if we do not.

To say the Genius of our Language will not admit of these Measures is (in my Opinion) entirely begging the Question. For why are they inconsistent with the Genius of the Language? Is it because they do not sound so well in it as our Verses now in use? Please to compare the

the sweetest Verse in all *Milton* or *Dryden* with one of those above quoted, and ask your Ear, which pleases it best. Is it because these are more difficult to make than those? This would prove, that all manner of Verse is contrary to the Genius of our Language, because it is harder to be writ than Prose. Is it because they do not come up to the Melody of the *Latin*? This would prove the same thing against the *Latin*, because they do not equal the *Greek* Verses in Sweetness. Gold has not the Lustre of Diamond, nor Silver of Gold; but because it has not so much, has it therefore none at all? Or (to use Sir *Philip Sidney's* Words) is Good not Good, because Better is Better?

I presume few will go so far as to say, one good Hexameter, &c. cannot be composed in our Language. If one good
one

one then can be made, why not two? If two, why not two thousand?

PERHAPS some will say, that tho' it were possible, these Numbers should ever be introduced, with any tolerable Share of Elegance and Harmony, yet it is impossible they should ever take; because our own Sorts of Versification have been so long established among us, and we have been so long accustomed to the reading of them, and no others in our Tongue, and withal are so prejudiced against the Opinion, that the *Greek* and *Latin* Numbers can ever sound tolerably in *English*, that we shall never be brought in the least to relish them.

BUT why a new Fashion (especially if it be an elegant one) should not take in Poetry, as well as in Dress, and other Things, I do not see. The ancient *Gre-*
cian

cian and *Roman* Taste in Buildings, Statues, &c. seems to be revived and daily improving among us, notwithstanding the barbarous *Gothic* Manner had reigned for so many Ages before. Why then should not an Introduction of their Numbers into our Language meet with as kind a Reception?

As to our being prejudiced against all Opinions and Attempts of this kind; if it be only Prejudice it will quickly wear off, if we can but bring ourselves to a Resolution maturely and impartially to consider the Merits of the Thing itself, without regard to any Thing beside.

'Tis possible indeed, the Reader (especially the unlearned one) by reason of his having never been used to this kind of Verse in *English*, will not at first very

B much

much relish it, nor readily get into the right Manner of reading it, but be apt at every turn to imagine, he is still reading the usual Sort of *English* Verse, and so looking for the customary Cadences, meet a continual Disgust from the continual Disappointment of his Expectations: As those Persons do, who have been wont all their Lives to annex the Idea of Rhime inseparably to that of Verse, when they come to read what we call Blank-verse; which it is some time before they can make any Musick of, but the more they are used to it, the better they like it, till at last they often prefer it to Rhime itself.

To set this Matter in a still clearer Light, I would beg Leave to compare one or two of our *English*-measured Verses with as many of the *Latin*-measured

fured ones, and leave the Reader to judge which sounds the best, *viz.*

In *Syrian* Pastures, on a flow'ry Bank.

In *Syrian* Pastures, on a flowery Bank by
a Fountain.

Each Place an *Eden* thy sweet Presence
makes.

Every Place *Paradise* thy charming Com-
pany renders.

For in short it is the Ear after all that must decide the Dispute; and to that I finally appeal. The whole Question (as I take it) being very short and easy, *viz. Whether those Numbers already in use in our English Poetry, or those I am endeavouring to introduce into it, are capable of giving the most Satisfaction in our Language.*

THE Determination of which, together with the following Specimen, is humbly submitted to the impartial and candid Judgment of the Public.

To conclude, if this little Attempt should have the good Fortune to be judged not altogether unsuccessful, I would for the Benefit of the Language, and Honour of the Nation, beg Leave to recommend to the eminent Genius's of the Age, the improving and perfecting of a Work, the Beginning or rather Revival of which had the Misfortune to fall into no better Hands.



P O S T -



POSTSCRIPT.



T may be necessary to acquaint the Reader, that I have followed the *Greek* and *Latin* Rules of Versification as far as appeared needful, and no farther : For as the *Latin* Poets have deviated in many respects herein from the *Greek*, so have I from both of them, when I thought the Harmony of the Numbers requir'd it, and at the same time it did no Injury to the Sense, nor offered any Violence to the Language.

THUS every-body knows, that, in *Latin* Verse, whenever a Word ended with a Vowel, and the next Word began

gan with another, the former Vowel was cut off. The Reason of which (I conceive) was owing to the Redundancy of Vowels in that Language. Now as our Language has been generally judged to be rather overladen with Consonants, the Observance of this Rule appeared needless.

AGAIN, the *Greek* Poets (and for aught I know the *Latin* ones too) had no manner of Regard to the Accent in their Verse, but transposed it from one Syllable to another, as it best served their Purpose. There is scarce a Line in all their Works but affords one or more Instances of this: which however is a Liberty I have rarely ventur'd to take; and that only in two or three Words of a *Latin* Derivation, as *solemnize*, &c. where I have placed the Accent on the Syllable on which we should have laid it in the

Latin

Latin Word *solemnis*, &c. from whence it is derived.

As to the Quantities of Syllables, they having never yet been ascertained in our Language, I have made them in general either long or short, just as the Verse required, with the following Exceptions however, *viz.*

NEVER to make any Syllable short where a Vowel precedes two Consonants, except as in the *Latin Prosodia*; and also except in the following Cases, in which I have made the Syllable either long or short, as I had occasion, *viz.*

I. WHERE any single Consonant goes before a *y*, as in *seven Years*, as *you*, when *you*, &c.

2. WHERE

2. WHERE an *s* goes before an *b*, as in *lavishes*, or a *t* at the beginning of the same Syllable, as in *mī-nī-ster*, &c.

3. WHERE the same Consonant is immediately repeated, as in *approaching*, &c.

4. WHERE one Consonant is followed by another very near akin to it, as a *b* by a *p*, a *c* by a *g*, a *d* by a *t*, &c. For in these two latter Cases I have often considered the two Consonants only as one; the Difference in the Pronunciation of one only and of two such together being hardly distinguishable.

ALL Diphthongs and Triphthongs, when they are sounded as such, as *au*, *ou*, *oy*, &c. in *Augur*, *House*, *Joy*, &c. I have
lengthened

lengthened without Exception, but when they are sounded as single Vowels only, as, *eau*, *ie*, *oo*, &c. in *beautiful*, *Grief*, *Door*, &c. I consider them with regard to Quantity only as I do the Vowels *u*, *e*, *o*, &c. all the Difference being in the spelling.





VIRGILII
ECLOGA PRIMA.

TITYRUS.

MELIBŒUS. TITYRUS.

MELIBŒUS.



*ITYRE, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine
fagi,*

Sylvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena :

Nos patriæ fines, & dulcia linquimus arva ;

Nos patriam fugimus : tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra,

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas.

5

TITYRUS.



VIRGIL's
FIRST ECLOGUE.

TITYRUS.

MELIBŒUS. TITYRUS.

MELIBŒUS.



OU, *Tityrus*, canopy'd by a broad Beech,
softly reclining,

Tun'd on a Reed slender meditate your
Harmony sylvan:

Our Country's Borders, and pleasing Fields we relin-
quish;

We fly our Country: You, *Tityrus*, easy in Um-
brage,

Teach the Groves ecchoing to resound divine *Ama-
ryllis.*

5

C 2

TITYRUS.

T I T Y R U S.

O Melibæe, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.

Namque erit ille mihi semper Deus : illius aram

Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.

Ille meos errare Boves (ut cernis) & ipsum

Ludere, quæ vellem, calamo permisit agresti.

10

M E L I B Œ U S.

Non equidem invidéo, miror magis : undique totis

Usque adeo turbatur agris : en ipse capellas

Prætenus æger ago : hanc etiã vix, Tityre, duco.

Hic inter densas corylos modo namque gemellos,

Spem gregis, ah ! silice in nudâ connixa reliquit.

15

Sæpe malum hoc nobis, si mens non læva fuisset,

De

T I T R U S.

A Deity gave us this Leisure, O *Melibæus*.

For he shall a Deity by me be for ever accounted :

With many a Lambkin my Fold shall redden his
Altar.

He, as you behold them, my Beeves to range thro'
the Pastures,

And my rude Melody, as I list, allow'd me to
warble. 10

M E L I B Œ U S.

Truly I don't envy, rather I admire: so around us

Through all our Villages reigns Tumult: painfully
driving

These Goats behold me, this even not easily drag-
ging.

'Mong these throng'd Hefles new-yea'd, she a couple
o' Kidlings,

Hope o' my Flock, ah me! on a naked Flint has
abandon'd. 15

Had not I been stupify'd this Mischief (now I re-
member)

Many

De cælo tactas memini prædicere quercus :

Sæpe sinistra cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix.

Sed tamen, ille Deus qui sit, da, Tityre, nobis.

T I T Y R U S.

Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Melibæe, putavi 20

Stultus ego huic nostræ similem, quo sæpe solemus

Pastores ovium teneros depellere fætus.

Sic canibus catulos similes, sic matribus hædos

Nôram : sic parvis componere magna solebam.

Verum hæc tantum alias inter caput extulit urbes, 25

Quantum lenta solent inter viburnâ cupressi.

M E L I B Œ U S.

Et quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi ?

T I T Y R U S.

Many an Oak withered by Lightning plainly predicted :

Many an hoarse Raven proclaim'd Misfortune approaching.

But, who this Deity may be (good *Ti'trus*) acquaint me.

T I T Y R U S.

The City call'd *Roma*, *Melibæus*, I simply imagin'd 20

Our City resembling, whither oft we Swains are accustomed

Our tender Progeny of Ewes to drive to the Market.

So Whelps large Mastiffs, so Kids have I known to resemble

Their Dams : by trivial so great Things wont I to measure.

But she among other Cities as loftily rises, 25

As stately Cypresses 'mong humble Bushes ascending.

M E L I B Œ U S.

What weighty Occasion to *Rome* from *Mantua* call'd you?

T I T Y R U S.

T I T Y R U S.

Libertas : quæ fera tamen respexit inertem ;
Candidior postquam tondenti barba cadebat :
Respexit tamen, & longo post tempore venit ; 30
Postquam nos Amaryllis habet, Galatea reliquit.
Namque (fatebor enim) dum me Galatea tenebat,
Nec spes libertatis erat, nec cura peculî.
Quamvis multa meis exiret victima septis,
Pinguis & ingrata premeretur caseus urbi, 35
Non unquam gravis ære domum mihi dextra redibat.

M E L I B Œ U S.

Mirabar, quid mæsta Deos, Amarylli, vocares,
Cui pendere suâ patereris in arbore poma :

Tityrus

T I T Y R U S.

Freedom: which lingring at last has deign'd to regard
me;

My Body now weakened with Age, and hoary my
Tresses:

Has deign'd, and after a long long Stay has ar-
rived; 30

After *Amaryllis* had won me from *Galatea*.

For (I will acknowledge it) long as *Galatea* retain'd
me,

Slavery perpetual, and Want I had only before me.

Though, from my Fold issuing, departed many a
Victim,

And many fat Cheefes, to the Town ingrate, from
my Presses, 35

Yet never home laden this Hand with Money re-
turned.

M E L I B Œ U S.

Often have I marvel'd, why you, distress'd *Amaryllis*,

Call'd on the Deities; for whom, the Fruit o' your
Orchard,

D

Hanging

Tityrus hinc aberat : ipsæ te, Tityre, pinus,

Ipsi te fontes, ipsa hæc arbusta vocabant.

40

T I T Y R U S.

Quid facerem ? neque servitio me exire licebat,

Nec tam præsentem alibi cognoscere Divos.

Hic illum vidi juvenem, Melibæe, quotannis

Bis senos cui nostra Dies altaria fumant.

Hic mihi responsum primus dedit ille petenti ;

45

Pascite, ut antè, boves, pueri ; submittite tauros.

M E L I B Œ U S.

Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebunt :

Et tibi magna satis ; quamvis lapis omnia nudus,

Limo-

Hanging ungathered, so long were a Load to the
Branches.

Tityrus here wanted: thy Return each Pine-tree de-
manded, 40

Each Rivulet thy Return, thy Return, O *Tityrus*, all
Things.

T I T Y R U S.

What cou'd I do? Neither had I Pow'r to depart
from my Bondage,

Nor Deities elsewhere to find, who were equally pre-
sent.

Here 'twas, I beheld first that Youth divine, *Melibæus*,

Whom twelve Days fuming our Altars yearly solemn-
nize. 45

Here 'twas, that all-gracious he first my Petition an-
swer'd:

Feed, Lads, as usual, your Herds; yoke freely your
Oxen.

M E L I B Œ U S.

Thrice happy Senior! thus you continue possessing

Your Lands; sufficient for thee: though hidden around
them,

Limosoque palus obducat pascua junco.

Non insueta graves tentabunt pabula fœtas :

50

Nec mala vicini pecoris contagia lædent.

Fortunate senex, hic, inter flumina nota,

Et fontes sacros, frigus captabis opacum.

Hinc tibi, quæ semper vicino ab limite sepes,

Hyblæis apibus florem depasta salicti,

55

Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro.

Hinc altâ sub rupe canet frondator ad auras.

Nec tamen interea raucæ, tua cura, palumbes,

Nec gemere aëreâ cessabit turtur ab ulmo,

T I T Y R U S.

Ante leves ergo pascentur in æthere cerpi,

60

Et freta destituent nudos in littore pisces :

Ante, pererratis amborum finibus, exul

Aut

With bare Rocks, Marshes, and Weeds lies every
Pasture. 50

No Fodder unusual shall taint thy big Ewes: no Diseases
From neighbouring Pastures shall breathe Contagion
on them.

Here, 'mong familiar Rivulets, you, Senior happy!

And hallowed Fountains, shall take cool shady Re-
freshment.

Hence yon Hedge blossoming, to the Bee sweet Pa-
sture affording, 55

With gentle humming shall often allure you to slumber.

Thence from a steep Precipice shall Wood-men sing
to the Breezes.

Nor mean while murm'ring Pigeons, whose Care so
delights thee,

Nor from a tall Elm-tree Turtles cease gratefully
moaning.

T I T T R U S.

Therefore Hinds sooner shall ascend to depasture in
Æther; 60

Sooner ashore Ocean shall Fishes naked abandon;

Sooner, each mutual wand'ring thro' the Coasts o' the
other,

Parthia

*Aut Ararim Parthus bibet, aut Germania Tigrim,
Quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus.*

M E L I B Œ U S.

At nos hinc alii sitientes ibimus Afros, 65

Pars Scythiam, & rapidum Cretæ veniemus Oaxen,

Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.

En unquam patrios longo post tempore fines,

Pauperis & tuguri congestum cespite culmen,

Post aliquot (mea regna) videns mirabor aristas! 70

Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit?

Barbarus has segetes? en, quò discordia cives

Perduxit miseros! en, queis consecvimus agros!

Infere nunc, Melibæe, pyros; pone ordine vites.

Ite meæ, fælix quondam pecus, ite capellæ. 75

Parthia shall *Araris* drink, or *Germania* *Tygris*,

Than from my Remembrance his ador'd Idea be
blotted.

M E L I B Œ U S.

But we must wander, some of us to *Africa* thirsty; 65

Part to the cold *Scythians*, and turbid *Cretan* *Oaxes*;

And *Britain*, entirely from all the Globe separated.

After a long Period shall I e'er my Country revisit;

After a few Harvests shall I view, delightfully won-
dring,

My homely Cottage's thatch'd Roof—to my Fancy a
Kingdom! 70

Shall pitiless Ravagers enjoy this Country delightful?

These Crops, *Barbarians*? Lo! to what Misery Dis-
cord

Countrymen has brought us! Lo! what, lo! whom
we ha' toil'd for!

Graft now thy Pear-trees, *Melibæus*; thy Vines put in
Order.

Hence my poor Kidlings! my Flock once happily
pastur'd. 75

I never

*Non ego vos posthac, viridi projectus in antro,
 Dumosa pendere procul de rupe videbo.
 Carmina nulla canam; non, me pascente, capellæ
 Florentem cythisum, & salices carpetis amaras.*

TITURUS.

Hic tamen hâc mecum poteris requiescere nocte 80
*Fronde super viridi: sunt nobis mitia poma,
 Castaneæ molles, & pressi copia lactis.
 Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
 Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ.* 84

I never hereafter, in a verdant Grotto reclining,
 Shall see you down-hanging from a briary Rock at a
 Distance.

No Ditties sing to you; no more shall I lead you to
 Pastures,

Where blooming Cytisus and Willow Leaves you
 may browse on.

T I T Y R U S.

Here wi' me however for a Night you may freely re-
 pose you 80

On the green Herbage; I ha' by me mellowed Apples,
 With delicate Chesnuts, and new-press'd Cheese in
 abundance.

And Smoke is already from Cottage-Chimneys ascend-
 ing,

While from tall Mountains Shades huger fall to the
 Valleys. 84

E

VIRGIL's



VIRGILII

ECLOGA QUARTA.

POLLIO.



ICELIDES musæ, paulo majora canamus.

Non omnes arbusta juvant, humilesque myricæ.

Si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint consule dignæ.

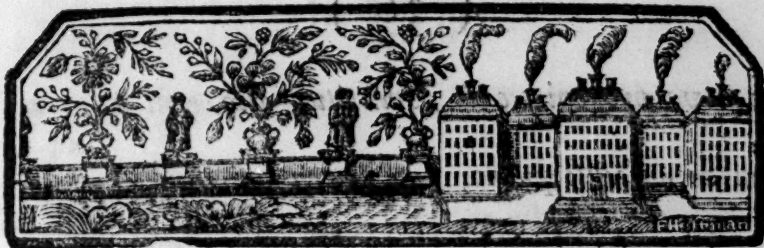
Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas :

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.

5

Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna :

Jam



VIRGIL's
FOURTH ECLOGUE.

POLLIO.



ICILIAN Muses, to a Strain more
noble ascend we.

Woods and low Tamarisk delight not
every Fancy.

Groves if we sing of, those Groves be worthy a
Consul.

Now is the last Epoch of Song *Cumæan* arrived :

* A new and wondrous Series of Times is arising. 5

Now is the bright Virgin, now *Saturn's* Scepter re-
turning :

* Or, The grand Succession of Ages anew is arising.

Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto.

Tu modo nascenti puero, quo ferrea primum

Desinet, ac toto surget gens aurea mundo,

Casta fave Lucina : tuus jam regnat Apollo.

10

Teque adeo decus hoc ævi, te consule, inibit,

Pollio : & incipient magni procedere menses.

Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,

Irrita perpetuâ solvent formidine terras.

Ille Deûm vitam accipiet, Divisque videbit

Permixtos heroas, & ipse videbitur illis :

Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

15

At tibi, prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,

Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,

Mixtaque

Now is a new Progeny sent down from lofty *Olympus*.

The Babe's Birth only, through whom, over Earth
universal,

This Iron Age ending shall burnish into a Golden,

Chaste *Lucina* favour : now reigns thy beloved *Apollo*.

Thee, this Honour wondrous to the Age, thee,
Pollio, Consul,

Shall rise ; and bid the Grand Months begin the Pro-
cession.

Should any small Footsteps of Guilt yet appear, by thy
Conduct,

They, from Fear, vanishing, shall loose eternally
Mortals.

The Life of Deities shall he lead, Divinities, He-
roes, 15

Beholding mingled ; himself by them too beholden :

The pacify'd Universe ruling with Virtue paternal.

To thee, a first Offering, sweet Babe, lo ! Art-un-
assisted,

Earth lavishes Ivies roving with *Baccar* on all Sides,

And

Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho. 20

Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ

Ubera : nec magnos metuent armenta leones.

Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

Occidet & serpens, & fallax herba veneni

Occidet : Assyrium vulgo nascetur amomum. 25

At simul heroum laudes, et facta parentis

Jam legere, & quæ sit poteris cognoscere virtus :

Molli paulatim flavescet campus aristâ,

Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,

Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella. 30

Pauca

And *Colocase* interwoven with chearful *Acanthus*. 20

Homewards, spontaneous, the Goats shall carry their
Udders,

Milk-swell'd : huge Savages shall Herds no longer
affrighten.

Soft Flow'rs thy Cradle shall pour profusely around
thee.

Die shall the Serpent, the deceitful venomous Her-
bage

Die : *Syrian* Spikenard shall spring in every Cli-
mate. 25

But, when you now capable, to peruse the Glories
of Heroes,

And all those God-like Atchievements wrought by
thy Father,

Shall grow, and able to form an Idea of Virtue :

Plains with soft Harvest shall wax insensibly golden ;

Spontaneous Clusters hang Purple on every Bram-
ble ; 30

And hard Oaks sweating run down with luscious
Honey.

Still

*Pauca tamen suberunt priscae vestigia fraudis,
Quae tentare Thetim ratibus, quae cingere muris
Oppida, quae jubeant telluri insindere fulcos.*

*Alter erit tum Tiphys, Et altera quae vehat Argo,
Delectos heroas : erunt etiam altera bella,* 35
Atque iterum ad Trojam magnus mittetur Achilles.

*Hinc, ubi jam firmata virum te fecerit ætas,
Cedet Et ipse mari vector : nec nautica pinus
Mutabit merces : omnis feret omnia tellus.*

Non rastros patietur humus, non vinea falcem : 40
Robustus quoque jam tauris juga solvet arator :
Nec varios discet mentiri lana colores :
Ipsæ sed in pratis aries jam suave rubenti

Still shall a few Traces of pristine Guile be remaining ;

Still Vessels Ocean shall attempt ; still Towns be surrounded

With Walls ; with Plough-shares still Earth be furrowed over.

Another *Tiphys*, in another *Argo* to carry 35

Selected Heroes, shall arise : new Wars too be waged :

And to a new *Ilion* be sent another *Achilles*.

But, when firm Manhood thy Years shall have fully attained,

Pines shall, no longer travelling wide Ocean over,

Barter Commodities : each Thing each Country producing. 40

No Harrow shall violate a Field, no Pruner a Vineyard.

The strong-limb'd Plowman unyoke for ever his Oxen.

Wool shall in Hues borrowed no longer learn to dissemble :

But Rams, while grazing, shall change to gratefully glowing

F

Purple,

Murice, jam croceo mutabit vellera luto:

Sponte suâ sandyx pascentes vestiet agnos.

45

Talia sæcla suis dixerunt, currite, fufis

Concordes stabili fatorum numine Parcæ.

Aggredere, ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, benores,

Cara Deûm soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum!

Aspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,

50

Terrasque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum:

Aspice venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo.

O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,

Spiritus, & quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!

Non me carminibus vincet, nec Thracius Orpheus,

55

*Nec Linus: huic mater quamvis, atque huic pater ad-
fit:*

Orpheo

Purple, to yellow-hu'd Saffron, the Fleeces upon them :

In natural Scarlet the Lamb depasture adorned. 46

Th' harmonious *Parcæ* have bid such beautiful Ages

Run from their Spindles, by the Fate's unchangeable
Order.

O! to thy vast Glories advance (the Season ap-
proaches)

Heav'n's darling Progeny, of *Jove* thou mighty Pro-
duct! 50

Behold the Universe stupendous awfully nodding,

All Earth, all Ocean, all Heav'n's Profundity bound-
less:

Behold how all Things exult at th' *Æra* approaching.

O may the last Period o' my Life so long be pro-
tracted,

With Spirit adæquate, to rehearse thy glorious Ac-
tions. 55

Me neither in Numbers shall vanquish *Thracian Or-
pheus*,

Nor *Linus*: his Mother that, this his Father assisting:

Orpheo Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo.

Pan etiam, Arcadiâ mecum si iudice certet,

Pan etiam, Arcadiâ dicat se iudice victum.

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem : 60

Matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses.

Incipe, parve puer, cui non risere parentes,

Nec Deus hunc mensâ, Dea nec dignata cubili est. 63



Orpheus Calliope, Linus all-graceful Apollo.

Should very *Pan* with me contend, *Arcadia* judging,

Pan, even *Arcadia* judging, should own me the
Victor. 60

Begin, sweet Infant, by a Smile to remark her
who bore thee ;

Her with long Agonies ten frowning Moons have
afflicted.

Begin, sweet Infant: who receives not a Smile from a
Parent,

Nor any God honoureth his Board, nor Couch any
Goddeffs. 64



(142)

Of the same kind, I have seen many others.

Should you have seen any others, please let me know.

Very truly yours,
Wm. H. Brewer

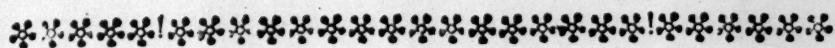
P.S. I have taken a small number of the same, and will send them to you.

I am with best regards to your family,
and remain, Sir, your obedient servant.

Believe me, Sir, to be,
Very truly yours,
Wm. H. Brewer

Not a word, however, of this, or of the other, any
where.





Jacob and Rachel:
A
PASTORAL.

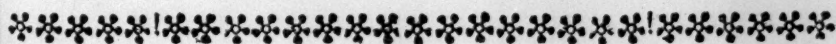
Hail wedded Love! —

Perpetual Fountain of domestick Sweets!

Whose Bed is undefil'd, and chaste pronounc'd,

Present, or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd.

MILTON.



Jacob and Rachel:

PASTORAL

How we should love

Prophet of Israel, of David's line

Who led us through the wilderness

From Egypt to the land of Canaan

Milton



Jacob and Rachel:
A
PASTORAL.



N Syrian Pastures, on a flowery Bank
by a Fountain,

Sat *Jacob* and *Rachel*; the Flocks of
Laban attending:

The Sun, now sinking, dy'd rosy the Welkin around
him;

While peaceful Evening, by refreshing Breezes at-
tended,

Stole gradual onward; Birds warbling Harmony o'er
them;

5

G

Young

Young Lambs and Kidlings frolicking thro' the Verdure about them ;

When *Jacob* his beautiful Charmer thus kindly accosted.

J A C O B.

To gracious Providence what Praises ought I to render,

That to my lov'd *Rachel* first brought me ! brought me acquainted

With so much Goodness, Sapience, and Beauty united. 10

That moved her Father to my Suit favourably to listen ;

That moved his Daughter with a tender Look to regard me ;

And, from her Idolatry, that gave my Zeal to reclaim her.

R A C H E L.

How many more Praises, for sending you to reclaim me,

Owe I to Providence ! untaught by the Tongue o' my *Jacob*, 15

My

My Father's deify'd Images I still had adored,
Instead of *Elohim* *, the World's Almighty Creator!

O *Jacob*, how generous; how cordial has thy Affection

Continued, suffering seven Years Servility painful

For me! You lightening my Task by daily Assistance 20

Now carry my Burthens; now drive my Flocks to the Fountain,

And water 'em for me; now every Flow'ret odorous,

And Fruit delicious you present me; many a Kidling,

Many a choice Lambkin has prov'd thy Bounty to *Rachel*.

Me from devouring Savages oft have you defended; 25

Your dear Life risquing to preserve me. Kindness unequal'd!

* The *Hebrew* Name for God.

How have I these Benefits merited ! how shall I requite them !

J A C O B.

These Benefits, dearest ! are much below thy Deservings,

And by thy Approvance and Smile they are amply requited.

A Love so vehement do I bear ; that, far from my Country,

30

Far from my dear Parents, thro' a long septennial Exile,

Drudgery, and Bondage for thee contented I suffer.

Nor heavy, nor tedious appear they to me, possessing

Thy Favour and Converse. They mollify every Hardship :

Every Place Paradise thy charming Company renders.

35

R A C H E L.

To what an unusual Degree am I blest in a Lover !

For numerous Pastures, and Flocks, her Dowry, a Maiden

One

One Swain soliciteth ; one Wretch, with Perfidy
wicked,

Vows Truth perpetual, yet basely deserts her ; ano-
ther,

His brutal Appetite to appease, eternally ruins 40

Confiding Innocence ; like a Wolf, the Lamb inof-
fensive

Cruelly devouring to gorge his ravenous Hunger.

Few, very few *Jacob* in Love and Virtue resemble.

J A C O B.

Far from me such Baseness be removed ! no, may I
rather,

Much rather, O *Rachel*, be doom'd to lose thee for
ever ; 45

(Though by me more valued than all this World can
afford me)

Than violate Justice, or offend my God to attain thee.

R A C H E L.

Miraculous Piety ! no wonder, show'ed upon us,

Continual Blessings descend, and fill with Abundance

Our

Our Folds, and Pastures ; unannoy'd by Diseases — I
often 50

Recall to Memory, when first I beheld you. That
Evening

(Now seven Years backward ; my twentieth Summer
I counted

Just then) I guiding, tow'rd yonder Cedary Moun-
tain,

Our Sheep to watering at a Well —

J A C O B.

—— Yes there (I remember)

There 'twas I first saw thee ; as I sat to repose me,
fatigued 55

By wearisome travelling, beneath the Shade of a Palm-
tree :

A Lilly-hu'd Vestment thy well-shap'd Body sur-
rounded ;

Thy Right-hand managed a slender Crook ; un-
adorned

Thy golden Tresses flew wanton, blown by the
Breezes.

Gay Youth and Innocence smil'd in thy beautiful
Aspect 60

Ineffable Sweetness, on a sudden, soon as I saw you;

The Groves umbrageous, the green and flowery Pastures,

Every thing round us (methought) grew doubly delightful.

So, the Sun appearing, new Beauty adorns the Horizon.

R A C H E L.

The Stream you minister'd to my Flock; while I
stood amazed 65

At such Civility from a Stranger's Hand — yet I
fancy'd

In you o' my Father I faintly discern'd a Resemblance.

This Business finished; gazing intently upon me

With eager Embraces, glad Tears, and Kisses unnumber'd,

O *Rachel* (exclaim you) Lo! *Jacob*, Son o' *Rebecca*, 70

Thy

Thy Father's Sister — how fares my good Uncle?
Amazement,

And Pleasure unspeakable, rush'd sweetly upon me
together !

Home I to my Father in a Moment flew with the
Tidings.

J A C O B.

How very officious, providing for my Refreshment,

Was *Rachel* ; her Parents Commands she prevented
to serve me. 75

She brought cool Moisture to my burning Soles in a
Laver ;

A fat Kid slaughter'd she drest, and bore to the
Table ;

And minister'd copious to my Thirst the Liquor re-
viving.

Nor then alone to me, but ever since, daily repeated,

Kindnesses innumerable have spoke thy Affection
heartly. 80

R A C H E L.

R A C H E L.

My Sire has promised in eternal Bands to unite us.

Thus to thee contracted, to attend, to assist, to delight thee,

Both Duty, and Gratitude, and Love together oblige me.

J A C O B.

That blissful Period, so long expected, approaches.

My Service finished in another Month, I demand thee,

My Wages of *Laban*; then wed, and carry my
Rachel 86

Into a blest Region, with Milk and Honey redundant;

Delicious *Canaan*; my native Country; predestin'd

My Seed's Inheritance, to become in Ages hereafter

Like Stars, innumerable; like Atoms not to be
counted. 90

O what Felicity in that fair Climate awaits us!

What Years of Happiness may we hope! while,
equally loving,

H

We

We study continual through Life to bless one another.

With what a delighted Memory shall I then be recounting

Oft what I have suffered ; what Noons of fiery Summer 95

I sweated in, patient : in Winter how many Midnights

Froze my Limbs shivering — all for the Sake o' my Rachel !

R A C H E L.

Pleas'd to thy sweet Accents I could eternally listen.

Nor tuneful Plainings, which, under Screen of a Poplar,

Nightingales warble, thro' the lonely Stillness of Evening ; 100

Nor gladdening Melodies, that ascending Larks to the Morning

Sing thro' the high *Æther*, to my Ear sound half so delightful.

But

But Twilight advances, and all grows dusky a-
round us.

'Tis Time to recollect our Lambkins into their
Hurdles.

104

F I N I S.



3035

(2)

But I might advance, and all grow dark -
found at

It is time to
Humble



2 1 1 1 1

